VOL. XLVI.

BY "THE DUCHESS." Author of "Monica," "Mona Scully," "Phyllis," etc., etc.

CHAPTER. IV. It is the evening of the theatricals; and in one of the larger drawing-rooms at the castle, where the stage has been erected, and also in another room behind connected with it by folding-doors, everybody of note in the county is already assembled. Fans are fluttering—so are many hearts behind the scenes—and a low buzz of conversation is being carried on among the com-

Then the curtain rises; the fans stop rustling, the conversation ceases, and all faces turn curiously to the small but perfect stage that the London work-

men have erected. Every one is very anxious to see what his or her neighbor is going to do when brought before a critical audience. Nobody, of course, hopes openly for a break-down, but secretly there are a few who would be glad to see such-and-such a one's pride lowered.

No mischance, however, occurs. The insipid Tony speaks his lines perfectly, if he fails to grasp the idea that a little acting thrown in would be an improve-ment; a very charming cousin Con is made out of Miss Villiers; a rather stilted but strictly correct old lady out of Lady Gertrude Vining. But Florence Delmaine, as Kate Hardcastle, leaves nothing to be desired, and many are the complimentary speeches uttered from time to time by the audience. Arthur Dynecourt too had not over-praised his own powers. It is paipable to every one that he has often trod the boards, and the pathos he throws into his performance astonishes the au-dience. Is it only acting in the final scene when he makes love to Miss Hardcastle, or is there some real senti-

The question arises in many breasts. They note how his color changes as he takes her hand, how his voice trembles; they notice too how she grows cold, in spite of her desire to carry out her part to the end, as he grows warmer, and how instinctively she shrinks from his touch. Then it is all over, and the curtain falls amidst loud applause. Flor-ence comes before the curtain in re-sponse to frequent calls, gracefully, half relactantly, with a soft warm blush upon her cheeks and a light in her eyes that renders her remarkable loveliness only more apparent. Sir Adrian, watching her with a heart faint and cold with grief and disappointment, acknowledges sadly to himself that never has he seen her look so beautiful. She advances and bows to the audience, and only loses her self-possession a very little when a bouquet directed at her feet by an enthusiastic young man alights upon her shoulder instead.

Arthur Dynecourt, who has accompanied her to the footlights, and who joins in her triumph, picks up the bouquet and presents it to her.

As he does so the audience again becomes aware that she receives it from him in a spirit that suggests detesta-tion of the one that hands it, and that

her smile withers as she does so, and her great eyes lose their happy light of a moment before.

Sir Ad an sees all this too, but persired and the sees all this too, but persuades himself that she is now acting suades himself that she is now acting another part—the part shown him by Mrs. Talbot. His eyes are blinded by Jealousy; he call hers, he misconstrues the pained expression that of late has suddened her factor.

For the last flew days, ever since her For the last flew days, ever since her momentous in the gallery, she has been nent before.

momentous interview what a been Dynecour in the gallery, she has been timic and reserved with Sir Adrian, nd has endeavored to avoid his socie She is oppressed with the thought that he has read her secret love for him and seeks, by an assumed coldness of demeanor and a studied avoidance of him, to induce him to believe himself

mistaken. But Sir Adrian is only rendered more miserable by this avoidance, in the thought that probably Mrs. Talbot has told Florence of his discovery of her attachment to Arthur, and that she dreads his taxing her with her duplicity, and so makes strenuous efforts to keep herself apart from him. They have already drifted so far apart that to-night, when the play has come to an end, and Florence has retired from the dressing-room, Sir Adrian does not dream of approaching her to offer the congratulations on her success that he would have showered upon her in 2

happier heur.

Florence, feeling lonely and depressed, having listlessly submitted to her maid's guidance and changed her stage gown for a pale blue ball-dress of satin and pearls-as dancing is to succeed the earlier amusement of the evening—goes silently down-stairs, but, instead of pursuing her way to the ball-room, where dancing has already commenced, she turns aside, and, entering a small, dimly lighted antechamber, sinks wearily upon a satin-covered

From a distance the sweet strains of a German waltz comes to her ears. There is deep sadness and melancholy in the music that attunes itself to her own sorrowful reflections. Presently the tears steal down her cheeks. She feels lonely and neglected, and, burying her head in the cushions of the lounge, sobs aloud. She does not hear the hasty approach

of footsteps until they stop close beside her, and a voice that makes her pulse throb madly says, in deep agitation—
"Florence—Miss Delmaine—what has happened? What has occurred to dis-

Sir Adrian is bending over her, evidently in deep distress himself. As she starts, he places his arm round her and raises her to a sitting posture; this he does so gently that, as she remembers all she has heard, and his cousin's assurance that he has almost pledged himself to another, her tears flow afresh. By a supreme effort, however, she controls herself, and says, in a

"I am very foolish; it was the heat. I suppose, or the nervousness of acting before so many strangers, that has upset me. It is over now. I beg you will not remember it. Sir Adrian, or speak of it to any one."

All this time she has not allowed her-self to glance even in his direction, so fearful is she of further betraying the mental agony she is enduring. "Is it likely I should speak of it!" turns Sir Adrian reproachfully.

anything connected with you shall be anything connected with you shall be sacred to me. But—pardon me—I still think you are in grief, and, believe me, in spite of everything. I would deem it a privilege to be allowed to befriend you in any way."

"It is impossible," murmurs Florence, in a stifled tone.

"You mean you will not seem my

"You mean you will not accept my help"—sadly. So be it then. I have no right, I know, to establish myself as your champion. doubt, whose happiness lies in the fact

that they may render you a service when it is in their power. I do not complain, however. Nay, I would even ask you to look upon me at least as a

shall always regard you as a riend," Florence responds in a low voice. "It would be impossible to me to look upon you in any other light."

Thank you for that," says Adrian quickly. "Though our lives must of quickly. Though our lives must of necessity be much apart, it will still be a comfort to me to know that at least, wherever you may be, you will think of me as a friend."
"Ah," thinks Florence, with a bitter

how absurd was my former idea that he might perhaps learn to love me!" The Haunted Chamber. This thought is almost insupportable. Her pride rising in arms, she subdues all remaining traces of her late emotion, and, turning suddenly, confronts him. Her face is quite colorless, but she can not altogether hide from him the sadness that still desolates her

> "You are right," she agrees. "In the future our lives will indeed be far distant from each other, so far apart that the very tie of friendship will readily be forgotten by us both."

"Florence, do not say that!" he entreats, believing in his turn that she alludes to her coming marriage with his cousin. "And—and—do not be angry with me; but I would ask you to consider long and earnestly before taking the step you have in view. Remember it is a bond that once sealed can never be canceled."

"A bond! I do not follow you," ex-

claims Florence bewildered. "Ah, you will not trust me; you will not confide in me!" "I have nothing to confide," persists

Florence, still deeply puzzled.

"Well, let it rest so," returns Adrian, now greatly wounded at her determined reserve, as he deems it. He calls to mind all Mrs. Talbot had said about her slyness, and feels disheartened. At least he has not deserved distrust at her hands. "Promise me," he entreats at last. "that, if ever you are in danger,

you will accept my help."
"I promise," she replies faintly. Then trying to rally her drooping spirits, she continues, with an attempt at a smile, "Tell me that you will accept mine should you be in any danger. Remember, the mouse once rescued the lion!" -and she smiles again, and glauces at him with a touch of ker old archness. "It is a bargain, And now, will you rest here awhile until you feel quite re-

stored to calmness? "But you must not remain with me,"
Florence urges hurriedly. "Your guests are awaiting you. Probably—with a faint smile—"your partner for this waltz is impatiently wondering what has become of you."

"I think not," says Adrian, returning her smile. "Fortunately I have no one's name on my card for this waltz. say fortunately, because I think"glaneing at her tenderly—"I have been able to bring back the smiles to your face sooner than would have been the case had you been left here alone to brood over your trouble, whatever it

"There is no trouble." declares Florence, in a somewhat distressed fashion, turning her head restlessly to one side. wish you would dispossess yourself f that idea. And, do not stop here, they—every one, will accuse you of discourtesy if you absent yourself from the ball-room any longer."

"Then, come with me," says Adrian. "See, this waltz is only just beginning: give it to me." Carried away by his manner, she lays

her hand upon his arm, and goes with him to the ball-room. There he passes his arm around her waist, and presently they are lost among the throng of whirling dancers, and both give themselves up for the time being to the mere delight of knowing that they are together. Two people, seeing them enter thus

together, on apparently friendly terms, regard them with hostile glances. Dora Talbot, who is coquetting sweetly with a gaunt man of middle age, who is evidently overpowered by her attentions, letting her eyes rest upon Florence as she waltzes past her with Sir Adrian. colors warmly, and, biting her lip, for-gets the honeyed speech she was about te bestow upon her companion, who is the owner of a considerable property, and lapses into silence, for which the gaunt man is devently grateful, as it gives him a moment in which to reflect

on the safest means of getting rid of her without delay.

Dora's fair brow grows darker and darker as she watches Florence, and notes the smile that lights on her beautiful face as she makes some answer to one of Sir Adrian's sallies. Dynecourt, that he has not been on the spot to prevent this dance, she won-ders. She grows angry, and would have stamped her little foot with im-patient wrath at this moment, but for

the fear of displaying her vexation.

As she is inwardly anathematizing Arthur, he emerges from the throng, and, the dance being at an end, rominds Miss Delmaine that the next is

Florence unwillingly removes hand from Sir Adrian's arm, and lays it upon Arthur's. Most disdainfully she moves away with him, and suffers him to lead ber to another part of the room. And when she dances with him, it is with evident reluctance, as he knows by the fact that she visibly shrinks from him when he encircles her waist with his arm. Sir Adrian, who has noticed none of

these symptoms, going up to Dora, so-licits her hand for this dance. "You are not engaged, I hope?" he says anxiously. It is a kind of wretched comfort to him to be near Florence's true friend. If not the rose, she has at least some connection with it.

"I am afraid I am," Dora responds raising her limpid eyes to bis. "Naughty man, why did you not come sooner? I thought you had forgotten me altogether, and so got tired of keeping barren spots upon my eard for you."
"I couldn't help it—I was engaged. A man in his own house has always a bad

time of it looking after the impossible people," says Adrian evasively.
"Poor Florence! Is she so very impossible?" asks Dora, laughing, but

pretending to reproach him.

"I was not speaking of Miss Delmaire," says Adrian, flushing hotly.
"She is the least impossible person I ever met. It is a privilege to pass one's time with her."

"Yet it is with her you have passed the last hour that you hint has been devoted to bores," returns Dora quietly. This is a mere feeler, but she throws it out with such an air of certainty that Sir Adrian is completely deceived, and believes her acquainted with his tete-a tete with Florence in the dimly lit ante-

"Well," he admits, coloring again, "your cousin was rather upset by her acting, I think, and I just stayed with her until she felt equal to joining us "An" exclaims Dora, who now knows

all she had wanted to know. "But you must not tell me you have no dances left for me," says Adrian gayly. "Come, let me see your card," gayly. "Come, let me see your card, He looks at it, and finds it indeed full. I am an unfortunate," he adds.

"I think," says Dora, with the prettiest hesitation, "if you are sure it would not be an unkind thing to do, I could scratch out this name"-pointing to her partner's for the coming dance.
"I am not sure at all," responds Sir
Adrian, laughing. "I am positive it
will be awfully unkind of you to deprive any fellow of your society; but be unkind, and scratch him out for my sake."

He speaks lightly, but her heart beats nigh with hope.
For your sake," she repeats softly drawing her pencil across the name written on her programme and substituting his.

"But you will give me more than this one dance?" queries Adrian. "Is there nobody else you can condemn to misery out of all that list?"

"You are insatiable," she returns, blushing and growing confused. "But you shall have it all your own way. Here"—giving him her card—"take what waltzes you will." She waltzes to perfection, and she knows it. "Then this, and this, and this," Adrian, striking out three nam

her card, after which they move away together and mingle with the other

fatigued, or disinclined to dance longer with Dynecourt, stops abruptly near the door of a conservatory, and, leaning against the framework, gazes with listless interest at the busy scene

"You are tired. Will you rest for awhile?" asks Arthur politely; and, as she bends her head in cold consent, he leads her to a cushioned seat that is placed almost opposite to the door-way, and from which the ball-room and what is passing within it are distinctly visible.

Sinking down amongst the blue-satin cushions of the seat he has pointe lout to her, Florence sighs softly, and lets her thoughts run, half sadly, half gladly, upon her late interview with Sir Adrian. At least, if he has guessed her secret, she knows now that he does not despise her. There is no trace of contempt in the gentleness, the tenderness of his manner. And how kindly he has told her of the intended change in his life! "Their paths would lie far asunder for the future." he had said, or something tantamount to that. He spoke no doubt of his coming marriage.

Then she begins to speculate dreami-y upon the sort of woman who would be happy enough to be his wife. She is still idly ruminating on this point when her companion's voice brings her back to the present. She had so far forgotten his existence in her daydreaming that his words come to her like a whisper from some other world,

and occasion her an actual shock.
"Your thoughtfulness renders sad," he is saying impressively. "It carries you to regions where I can not follow you." To this she makes no reply, regarding him only with a calm questioning glance that might well have daunted a

better man. It only nerves him however to even bolder words. "The journey your thoughts have taken—has it been a pleasant one?" he asks, smiling.
"I have come here for rest, not for conversation." There is undisguised dislike in her tones. Still he is un-

touched by her scorn. He even grows more defiant, as though determined to let her see that even her avowed hatred can not subdue him. "If you only knew," he goes on, with slow meaning, regarding her as he speaks with critical admiration, "how surpassingly beautiful you look to-night, you would perhaps understand

in a degree the power you possess over your fellow-creatures. In that attitude, with that slight touch of scorn upon your lips, you seem a meet partner for She laughs a low contemptuous laugh, that even makes his blood run

hotly in his veins.

"And yet you have the boldness to offer yourself as an aspirant to my favor?" she says. "In truth, sir, you value yourself highly!"

"Love will find the way!" he quotes quickly, though plainly disconcerted by her merriment. "And in time I trust I shall have my reward."

"In time, I trust you will," she returns, in a tone impossible to miscon-At this point he deems it wise to change the subject; and, as he halts rather lamely in his conversation, at a loss to find some topic that may in-terest her or advance his cause, Sir Adrian and Dora pass by the door of the conservatory.

Sir Adrian is smiling gayly at some little speech of Dora's, and Dora is ooking up at him with a bright expres sion in her blue eyes that tells of the nappiness she feels. "Ah, I can not help thinking Adrian is doing very wisely." observes Arthur Dynecourt, some evil genius at his el-

now urging him to lie. "Doing-what?" asks his companion, roused suddenly into full life and in erest.

"You pretend ignorance, no doubt" smiling. "But one can see. Adrian marriage with Mrs. Talbot has een talked about for some time mongst nis intimates. A clasp like ice seem to seize upon

Miss Delmaine's heart as these words drop from his aps. She restrains her emotion bracely, but his lynx-eye reads her through and through.

"They seem to be more together togoes on Arthur blandly. "Before you honored the room with your presence, he had danced twice with her, and now again. It is very marked, his attention

to-night As a matter of fact Adrian had not danced with Mrs. Talbot all the evening until now, but Florence, not having been present at the opening of the ball, is not in a position to refute this, as he well knows.

as he well knows.

"If there is anything in her friendship with Sir Adrian, I feel sure Dora
would have told me of it," she says
slowly, and with difficulty. "And she hasn't?" asks Arthur with so much surprise and incredulity in his manner as goes far to convince her that there is some truth in his statement. "Well, well," he adds, "one can not blame her. She would doubtless be sure of his affection before speaking even to her dearest friend."

Florence winces, and sinks back upon the seat as though unable to sus-tain an upright position any longer. Every word of his is as gall and wormwood to her, each sentence a reminder—a repreach. Only the other day this man now beside her had accused her of making sure of Sir Adrian's affec-tion before she had any right so to do. Her proud spirit shrinks beneath the

cruel taunt he hurls at her.
"You look unusually done up," ne goes on, in a tone of assumed commisseration. "This evening has been too much for you. Acting a part at anytime is extremely trying and labor-

ious." She shrinks still further from him. Acting a part! Is not all her life becoming one dreary drama, in which she acts a part from morning until night? Is there to be no rest for her? Oh, to escape from this man at any price! She rises to her feet.
"Our dance is almost at an end," she

says; "and the heat is terrible. I can remain here no longer." "You are ill," going to her side. He would have supported her, but by a gesture she repels him. "If I am, it is you who have made me she retorts, with quick passion, for which she despises herself an instant

"Nay, not I," he rejoins, "but what my words have unconsciously conveyed to you. Do not blame me. I thought you, as well as every one else here. knew of Adrian's sentiments with regard to Mrs. Talbot." This is too much for her. Drawing herself up to her full height, Florence casts a glance of anger and defiance in

his direction, and, sweeping past him

in her most imperious fashion, appears no more that night. It is an early party, all things considered, and Dora Talbot, going to her room about two o'clock, stops before Florence's door and knocks softly

"Come in," calls Florence gently

ARP ON MATRIMONY.

simply superb."
"Thank you," says Florence, who is not in bed, but is sitting in a chair drawn near a window, through which the moonbeams are flinging their pale BE PROSPERING. rays. She is clad in a clinging white

dressing-gown that makes her saintlike, and has all her long hair fall-ing loosely round her shoulders. What a charming evening it has Atlanta Constitution. Our people must be prospering, for been!" exclaims Dora ecstatically. clasping her hands, and leaning he arms on the back of a chair. "I hardly arms on the back of a chair.
know when I felt so thoroughly happy."
You en ing all around us. It seems to Florence shudders visibly. "You en-joyed yourself, of course?" continues

"Every one raved about you You made at least a dozen conquests; one or half a one—" with a careful hesation in her manner intended to imareas her listener—"is as much as poor little insignificant me can expect." Florence looks at her questioningly "I think one really benest lover is worth a dozen others," one says, her voice trembling. "Do you mean me to understand. Dora, that you have

evening with you. Your acting was

gained one tonight?" Florence's whole soul seemed to hang on her cousin's answer. Dora simpers. and tries to blush, but in reality grows a shade paler. She is playing for a high stake, and fears to risk a throw "Oh, you must not ask too much! she replies, shaking her blonde head.
"A lover—no! How can you be so absurd! And yet I think—I hope—"
"I see!" interrupts Florence sadly.
"Well, I will be as discreet as you wish;
but at least if what I imagine be true.

I can congratulate you with all my heart, because I know-I know you will be happy." Going over to Mrs. Talbot, she lays her arms round her neck and kisses her softly. As she does so, a tear falls from her eyes upon Dora's cheek. There is so much sweetness and abanconment of self in this action that Dora for the moment is touched by it. She puts up her hand; and, wiping away the tear from her cheek as

but at least, if what I imagine be true,

though it burns her, says lightly—
"But indeed, my dearest Flo, you
must not imagine anything. All is vague. I hardly know what it is to which I am alluding. 'Trifles light as air' float through my brain, and gladden me in spite of my common sense which whispers that they mean nothing. Do not build castles for me that may have their existence only en Es

"They seem very bright castles," observes Florence wistfully.

"A bad omen. 'All that's bright must fade,' sings the poet. And now to speak of yourself. You enjoyed ourself?"

"Of course"—mechanically.
"Ah, yes; I was glad to see you had
made it up with poor Arthur Dyne-

"How?" demands Florence, turning upon her quickly.

"I saw you dancing with him, dearest; I was with Sir Adrian at the time, and from something he said, I think he would be rather pleased if you could bring yourself to reward poor Arthur's long devotion."
"Sir Adrian said that? He discussed

"Just in passing, you understand. He told me too that you were somewhat unhappy in the earlier part of the evening, and that he had to stay a considerable time with you to restore you to calmness. He is always so kind, dear Adrian!"
"He spoke of that?" demands Flor-

ence, in a tone of anguish. If he had made her emotion a subject of common talk with Mrs. Talbot, all indeeds at an end between them, even that sweet visionary offer of friending he had made to her. No: should not submit to be talked about by him, and the woman he love Oh; the bitter pang it costs her of say these words to herself! That he now loves Dora seems to her mind beyond dispute. Is she not be confidente, the one in whom he chooses to repose all his secret thoughts

Dora regards her cousin keenly. Florence's evident agitation makes her fear that there was more in that tete-o tete with Sir Adrian than she had at

first imagined. "Yes; why should he not speak of it?" Dora goes on coldly. "I think by his manner your want of self-control shocked him. You should have a greater command ever yourself. It is not good form to betray one's feelings to every chance passer-by. Yes; I think Sir Adrian was both surprised and astonished."

There was nothing to cause him either surprise or astonishment," says Florence haughtly; and I could well have wished him out of the way!"

"Perhaps I misunderstood him," rejoins Dora artfully. But certainly he spoke to me of being unpleasantly delayed by—by impossible people—those were his very words; and really altogether—I may be wrong—I believe he alluded to von. Of course, I would not follow the matter up, because, much as. like Sir Adrian, I could not listen to him speaking so lightly of you! "Of me-you forget yourself, Dora!"

cries Florence, with pale lips, but head erect. "Speaking lightly of me!" she repeats. Young men are often careless in their language," explains Dora hurriedly, feeling she had gone too far.

"He meant nothing unkind, you may be sure!" "I am quite sure"-armly. "Then ne harm is done"-smiling brightly. "And now, good-night, dearest; go to bed instead of sitting there looking like a ghost in those mystical

moonbeams."
"Good-night," says Florence icily.
There is something about her that
causes Mrs. Talbot to feel almost
afraid to approach and kiss her as

"Want of rest will spoil your lovely eyes," adds the widow airily; "and your complexion, faultless as it always is vill not be up to the mark to-morrow. So sleep, foolish child, and gather roses from your slumbers."

So saying, she kisses her hand gavly to the unresponsive Florence, and trips lightly from the room.

[Continued.]

How Gold Rings Are Made. Gold rings are made from bars nine to fifteen inches long, two inches wide and three-sixteenths of an inch thick, is worth \$1,000, and will make 300 he tightened his grip, and she was four pennyweight rings. A dozen neither an old man's darling nor a processes and twenty minutes' time are young man's slave. How sadly romaninto slices, one, two, or three-sixteenths apparently every reason in the world of an inch wide. A rolling machine to be happy, but shortly after their next presses out the slices and makes union he observed that she was not them either flat or grooved. Each strip is then put under a blow pipe and anthe surface, and is put into a pickle of that she had another lover whom she "Come in," calls Florence gently.

"I have just stooped for a moment to express the hope that you are not ill, dearest." says smooth-tongued Dora, advancing towards her. "How early you left us! I shouldn't have known how early only Mr. Dynecourt told me how early only Mr. Dynecourt told me days the form the character of the shape of a ring of the size desired. The ends are then soldered with an alloy of inferior fineness to the quality of the ring. Many people think that of the ring the ring that ring are represented to the ring the ring that ring are ring of the size desired. The wrote her from the Cherokee nation to sue for a did so, and was married to the ring through a machine which bends it into the size desired. The wrote her from the Cherokee nation to sue for a did so, and was married to the ring through a machine which bends it into the size desired. The wrote her from the Cherokee nation to sue for a did so, and was married to the ring through a machine which bends it into the size desired. The wrote her from the Cherokee nation to sue for a did so, and was married to the ring through a machine which bends it into the size desired. The wrote her from the Cherokee nation to sue for a did so, and was married to the ring through a machine which bends it into the size desired. cording to quality. Next it is put never upbraided her, but in a few days Mr. Grady's, and his present work will through a machine which bends it into kissed her an affectionate farewell, receive his closest attention. The ends are then soldered with an from the Cherokee nation to sue for a Expelled From the Southern Society. and on June 2 the land was slightly ded because they can't theday the divorce was granted. Housare soldered. The ring ton married Miss Lee, of Alabama. afthe turning lathe, is and polished, first with happily, and they were blessed with a flock of good children.

Republic.

But tieing and untieing are very

HE THINKS THE PEOPLE MUST

The Foundation of This Belief is the Number of Marriages Among the Young Felks-Some Recollections.

the young folks are mating and marryepidemic or a contagion or something, and the town talk is, "who next."-Some of the poets sing sadly about marringe, but most everybody takes a lively interest in the performance, and it looks less like a funeral than anything I know of. Only a few days Five Thousand Dollars' Worth Stolen at ago one of the churches was dressed in bridal robes, and half the town gathered there to see and to hear and give good wishes, and everybody felt so street, in the very heart of the city of good, that they kissed all-round, and Dallas. they have been talking about the handsome couple and their bright prospects ever since. And there was another one yesterday at another caurch, and the young people put in egain to lend a helping kand. My young folks stayed at the church all lay, with a whole flock of chattering birds, and they said they wanted a frame for a wedding bell to hang in the centre of the arca, and so I had to hunt up an cld bird cage and take out the bettom and squash in the top and make it bell shape, and then I got an old wish pan and cut out the bottom and turned it upside down and fastened it recurely and made a first class bell frame. The girls covered it with evergreens and roses and used a large

cryingthat I observed, and all went merry as a marriage bell. I like the Episcopal marriage ceremony better than any, execept for one thnig that sometimes don't fit the poor fellow when he has to say "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," and perhaps he haen't got anything but a dog and a pecket knife. It reminds me of the fellow who wanted to quit his wife and consulted a lawyer as to the dvision of the assets. "Squire," said he, "sposin' a feller what had nothin' married a gal what had nothin' and they agree to quit one another, is his things hisen and horn hern-or

calla lily for a clapper, and so it was a

success and I contributed my mite to

the elysian show. There was nobody

I married a couple once. It was thirty-five years age, when I was a judge of the inferior court and lived out in the flat woods among the poor folks They sent for me one night, and I walked about a mile to a little log sharty that had but one room and nda great, broad fire place. The old weman was baking biscuit and chicken and reasting 'taters and making cofee. She had a pipe in her said about them. dezen of the neighbors standing agound he door, and when I said howdy, I asked if the parties were ready: They pointed to the girl and said she was, but Jim hadn't come. In a few minutes Jin put in his appearance. He was a

ed," the boys said, and so was I. The outsiders came in and I soon had Jim and Sally before me. I had got my lesson pretty well and was proceeding along to the close, when suddenly 1 remembered that the law required me to see the license before performing the ceremony. I paused and said: "Jim, I forgot. I must see the license before I preceed." Jim looked bewildered and alarmed. Sally put the stick in her mouth. After a few moments of silent embarrassment one of the boys came forward and handed the decument and said: "I reckon that's hit. I forgot to give it to Jim. So I had to begin at the beginning and do it all over again. When I pronounced them man and wife the old woman smiled and said: "Jim, salute the bride-that's the way I was married." Jim gave her a smack that sounded like pulling a stopper out of a jug and the boys all followed suit, and they looked at me in such a way that I took a delicate taste of what the wall. The little Miss knew that plantation. The planting was done culate the field hands on the plantathey had left on her juicy lips. I think would never do, so she ran quickly to by four hands in half a day, on March tions and farms in Louisiana in 1860

looking then.

marriage: "And oh, there be an elysium on earth It is this—it is this! A poet cannot disguise his heart, and

as married. It is the mismating that wall, and had it not been for Miss briugs so much discredit upon the is- Lula a wholesale delivery would have stitution and keeps the young men resulted. The prisoner that succeeded from prospering. They are afraid to venture—more afraid than the women. for a trifling offense. I have known many a girl to keep her lover in tow, but at a respectful tance, hoping for a better catch. After awhile she accepts him as a last resort. Colonel Stansell told me to-day of a young married woman who some years ago who came to him to procure a ago who came to him to produce a divorce. As she was very reticent Grady in Atlanta. The Constitution says a rain on the 24th, and two days later death is now expected at any nour. He was for a quarter of a century one about stating her grounds for asking to be separated, he encouraged her by reading over the various things that the law expressed, but she said no to all of them. When he pressed her for a reason, she blushed and said she bad married him for fifty, but had found out he was seventy-four. The poor thing had been tempted by his property to throw herself away, but required to convert this bar into mer- tic was Sam Houston's marriage. He of a favorite son; the other two sides chantable rings. First a pair of shears was a great man, a grand man; the of the pedestal bear only a palm leaf sub-soil plow, so that the whole soil cuts the bar into strips; then by the governor of Tennessee, the friend of turn of a wheel a guillotine-like blade Andrew Jackson. He married a beau-wrought in bronze, Mr. Doyle has had in that light and open condition that attached to the machine cuts the bar tiful and lovely woman, and they had more experience as a monumental artist happy, and on pressing her gently for the cause, she told him frankly that nealed. The oxide of copper comes to she had married him through pique- ment in Savannah and the Ben Hill sulphuric acid, after which the ring is had discarded without just cause, and by him. Mr. Doyle was a strong adstamped "14k," "16k," or "18k," ac- her heart was breaking. Houston mirer and a warm personal friend of

ure, but still they are unhappy because the negro an't vote. May the good Lord deliver us from their miserable BILL ARP. A BOLD GRAB FOR DIAMONDS One of the boldest robberies that ever occurred in Texas took place Monday night, at 9:30 o'cleck, at 608 Main Domnar & Samuels are jewelers, and keep a magnificent display of costly goods behind the plate glass of their large

and

different things. The one is glad and the other is sad—very sad. There is

no gloom upon earth as dark as that

which hangs over broken vows. It

brings a cankering, corroding sorrow

that preys upon the heart and ends

only with death. Our people have

long been blest with comparative free-

dom from the flood of divorces that

overrun the North. Illinois has only

twice our population, but twelve times

our number of divorces, and it is near-

ly as bad in all the Northern States.

They tie and they untie at their pleas-

show window. Within and without are electric lights, and the neighborhood is kept almost as light as day.

While Mr. Domner was waiting on customer, he heard a terrific crash of the window, and turning his eyes barely in time to see a tray of valuable diamond ings disappear, he ran out is an instant, but the thief had disappeared up the stairway at the side of his store. The break was made with a reck weighing twenty pounds, wrapped in paper. The tray centaized foriy-two fine diamond

ings, valued at about \$5,000. The man who was a slender white man, about 5 feet 8 inches high, without whiskers, and wore a black suit and ight colored bat. After he ran up the stairs in front he

was seen to descend to the street in the Gibbes & Co's manipulated guano. rear and go out through the alley. The sheriff and other officers followed with 250 pounds of kainit This heavy trained blood hounds and are now en

FOR LOVE OF HAWES.

Bessic Exright, of Birmingham, Attempts to End Her Life. Later developments in the case of Bessie Inwright, the young woman who

tried to end her life Wednesday night, in a house on Third Avenue and Twentieth street, by taking a dose of mor. phine, develops the fact that she did so through love of Dick Hawes. Bessie, it appears, is the woman who

secame so completely infatuated with Hawes duirng his confinement in the county jail, and who was in the habit of visiting him daily, much to the annoyance of the jailer, who was often called two leds and a mud and stick chimney upon to admit her to him two or three times a day. The woman's frequent visits to the jail attracted no little attengingerbread on the hearth, and frying tion, but at the time very little was When the Supreme Court decided that

monthand her daughter had a sauff Hawes must hang and the death watch that her visits to the, Bessie was told must cease. This infermation appeared to overcome her and she burst tears, but finding her opportunities of no avail, after repeated fruitless visits to rough country boy and chewed his the jail, she finally abandoned all hope of sceing Hawes and took to sending him affectionate notes and handsome

bouguets. As the time for Hawes' execution drew near she grew morose and low spirited, kept her room a good deal of of the time and was disinclined to talk to

any one. After the execution her grief was unbounded, but no fears were entertained that she would attempt to take her life, until she was discovered in her room suffering from a dose of morphine, and by prompt medical aid was brought back from the verge of the grave.-Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Brave Girl's Act. There is one brave girl in Charlotte. She is Miss Lula Smith, the pretty little fourteen-year-old daughter of Sheriff Z. S. Smith. At 5 o'clock Monday afternoon Miss Lula was playing near the jail happened to see a prisener slide out of twenty years of careful selection from worth of sugar and molasses. the jail through a newly made hole in the best of the corn grown on this It would be a large estimate to cal-

she enjoyed it, for I was pretty good-looking then. She began to pound a second The old woman invited me to stay kloky head, poked nearly through the dropped to each foot of the row. The besides making corn and feed for their to supper, but I excused myself and de-parted these coasts repeating those beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. Standing by the hole on beautiful lines of Tom Mocre about prisoner back. at the outside, dared them to poke out 10 and 15, the plants began to show on to the market \$140,000,000 worth of it is a comfort for woman to know that their heads. She gave the alarm, and the 16th, and by the 25th there was a staple products besides making rice. the greatest and purest and best of seen her father was on the scene and telerably good stand. On April 8 the tobacco, hay, corn, potatoes, peas, them have paid homage and tribute to the prisoners all locked up in their cells. the marriage relation. But the man By some means or other the prisoners and the women must be mated as well had cut a hole through the thick brick

The Grady Monument. It has aiready been stated that the plan of Mr. Alexander Doyle, a New York architect, has been adopted for the monument of Mr. Henry W. ment is a very beautiful one. It con-sists of a square of granite surrounded by a low believed from the control of the narrow or three foot rows were by a low balustrade, from the centre plewed out with the sub-soiler, and of which rises an exquisitely proportioned pedestal, and on this elevation stands a brenze figure of Mr. Grady in one of of the pedestal is a brenze figure of History, inscribing on her tablets the crust. It will be seen that by this deeds of the brilliant editor, on the opposite side is a figure of the South, weeping bitterly because of the loss than almost any man of his years in stimulate further root development, America. The Saratoga monument, which is considered one of the finest works of art in the country, is the product of his genius. The Jasper monumonument in Atlanta were also designed

NEW YORK, March 13 .- Major Han- stirred with a hoe. A little earth cock Clark, the man who shes Milton hoed into the corn making the land terwards, with whom he lived most lock of good children.

But tieing and untieing are very against him. Randolph, on the other hand, was acquitted and exonerated.

atter an investigation of the charges 20-inch Campbell sweep. Now, 500 lost tweaty, killed in the fight, while pounds of a mixture composed of the Brigands lost only six.

THE CORN CHAMPION.

SOME FACTS ABOUT CAPTAIN DRAKE'S TRIUMPH.

How Two Hundred and Fifty-three Ba.hels of Corn were Grewn on One Acre-The Largest Crop Ever Knewn. merican Agriculturist.

was a sandy soil in Marlborough County, South Carolina. The original growth was oak, hickory, and longwhich this acre is an average specimen was called by its owner "Starvation's Empire." It had a gentle slope, and adjoining counties to behold it. with northern exposure, and was naturally well drained. The acre was ment and productiveness affords an instructive lesson. As late as 1885, when it was in cern, it made a poor indeed a curiosity. One laborer told seed cotton, two dollars' worth of was not much of a surprise to those ammoniated fertilizer being used in who visited the crop while growing. culture The fertility was so reduced estimate at about three hundred that, in 1887, the yield of corn was bushels. not over five bushels per acre. But now Mr. Drake undertook to improve it. To provide the vegetable matter or humus so much needed, the land was literly covered with rakings of

leaves, straw, etc., from the neighboring woods. On top of this, 25 horseloads of stable manure were evenly spread broadcast; also. 75 bushelz of cotton seed, 500 pounds of Wilcox, 250 pounds of cotton seed meal, and dressing was all plowed under with laid off in rows with the same plow, two furrows to the row, four feet apart 100 pounds of guano were applied in the furrows, and then each pair of furrows were throw into a ridge with the same plow. The Peterkin cotton was mine." planted with a Leytch cotton-planter, and made the great crop of 917 pounds of lint cotton on the acre, showing

conclusively the result of the improve-

ment:

Mr. Drake decided that this acre was the one for him to enter in the corn contest, and he determined to make the biggest crop on record, season permitting. The last of February, therefore, he hauled upon the contest acre fifty one-horse wagon-leads of stable manure, averaging twenty bush- days. els to the load, or 1,000 bushels of mabe added four dollars for hauling and spreading. This was the droppings of horses and mules, fed on corn and fodder, and was not moved until hauled to the acre. At the same time 500 pounds of manipulated guano, cotton- for Anniston. seed meal, and kainit were also broad casted, and the whole was then plowotton-seed were interthe plow, whole each furrow,600 bushels being applied whole cotton-seed deeper than the seed should back up the crop later in the season when its roots had penetrated below the first layer of manure. One horse and a man did the plowing, also the subsoiling; both jobs being completed in one day (March 1), at a total expense of two dollars. The acre their children, are among Madison's was harrowed on the same day, with a Thomas smoothing harrow, one man and two horses doing the work in about one hour. The next day March 2, the acre was laid off, with thea six feet, and so on. The seed planted was one hushel es with some other children, when she a strain that had been improved by sent to market in two seasons \$40,000

2, the weather being warm and the at 175,000. The Grevemberg colony land moist. Five or six kernels were made \$800 to the hand for two years, the inside of the jail were a dozen prison- row. Rain the next day washed in chickens and eggs and vegetables. If ers ready to crawl through the hole and more soil, and covered the seed rather all the field hands of the State had escape, but the little woman stood guard deeply. There were good rains March done as well, they would have sent crop was heed for the first time, thin- beans, vegetables, fruits, etc., for home ned to one stalk every five or six consumption. The doctor's bills, inches, and the few missing places re- their physician stated, did not exceed planted. On the 20th, the wide spa- \$100 a year for the colony. ces (six feet) between the alternate rows were plowed out with the subsoil plow. Then a mixture, composed of 200 pounds each of manipulated guazo, kainit, cctton-seed meal, acid phosphate, and animal bone, was row (thus confining this application of His health has for several years been plant food to the wide spaces), after with a Thomas harrow. There was ago he had a stroke of paralysis. His Mr. Doyle's conception of the monu- the crop was again harrowed with the ed in these rows, and worked in with a hand harrow er sultivator. On the his most natural attitudes. On one side 25th, the Thomas harrow was run He was postmaster here several years. through the wide rows, to break the time the soil was not only well filled with plant-food, but had been the oughly cultivated on the surface, and also well worked underneath by the best facilitater root growth. To especially in the wide spaces between with all the delicacies of the season. the alternate rows, where there was Rare wines were served and there was more room for this purpose, three fur- a plentiful supply of champagne. Many rows were run, side by side, in the of the guests dined not wisely, but middle of the wide rows, with the too well. As Fitch stood upon the sub-seil plow, and 200 pounds of ma- stoop, bidding his host good night, Mr. nipulated guano was applied in these Stump said: furrows, the rows, then being worked When you get to the feet of the steps by a Thomas harrow. The next day there was about an inch of rain, about you will see two cabs. Take the first

equal parts of manipulated guano, cotton-seed meal and kainit was strewn in the wide spaces, and the corp on the entire field was heed. Rain came the next day, but, on June 11th, 100 pounds of nitrate of seds was sowed in the narrow rows and

Herald.

hoed in The crop was now a wonderful sight. It soon became necessary to put up posts and nail slats to them, on each side of the row, to prevent the corn The acre entered by Z. J. Drake falling. No hilling was done but the whole acre was kept perfectly level. Arrangements for irrigating had been made, but the season was early and wet, as compared with other years: leaf pine. Three years ago, before rains followed frequently, and no irrithe land was improved, eight dollars gation was necessary. In fact, as Mr. or acre was a fair valuation, while Drake says, "the season was the most thirty years ago, the plantation of favorable for corn I ever saw." The fame of the contest acre spread far and wide, and farmers and planters came from all parts of Marlbore and Our engraving, from a dim photograph, gives but an incomplete idea of this naturally well drained. The acre was tremendous crop. P. L. Breeden, a fair specimen of much of the poor great cotton-planter, and one of the land in the South, and its improve- 20 it progressive farmers in the State, says it was "a wonder to behold." S. A. Brewn, editor of the Marlbore Democrat, writes: "The harvest was crop-practically nothing. In 1886, us that the crop, when pulled, was the acre yielded about 300 pounds of knee deep on the ground. The yield the way common to ordinary cotton Some Marion county farmers put the

[Copyright 1890.]

General Southern News. The Chattanooga marble and stone quarries did an exceptionally large trade last month. They shipped seventv-nine carloads of stone during the month, each car containing 200 cubic feet of stone. The ramifications of this firm are between the lakes and the gulf, and the Atlantic and Pa-

-2am Jones has been waking up the Starke's Dixie turning plow. It was sinners of Tyler, Texas, where he has compared dancing girls to tadpoles, and has greatly offended the fashionable girls by saying that they "look no more like God Almighty's woman than a Chinaman looks like a salt

> -An Arkansas negro plowed up a jug containing \$16,000, and in his joyous delirium ran off to town to tell of his find, leaving the jug in the field after loading himself with \$400 of the treasure. When he returned to the field the jug had been stolen. -The Tennessee Legislature is get-

ting down to business in good earnest, and will probably get through with the business before them in fifteen -All the towns which have been nure in all, worth \$50, to which should established and boomed in Jefferson county have added to the growth and development of Birmingham. The same thing will be true of Annisten.

The larger Oxford, Jacksonville and Piedmont boom the better it will be -Mrs. John Outland, who lives near Jackson, Tenn., is a very old lady, and came to that country fifty eight years where she has lived ever ter, breaking the soil to a total depth of 12 inches, and also burying the log but sittle present court square, and that though other manure. Thus, the decaying she has lived within three miles of Jackson all these years she has never seen the town since. She knows it. must be a great deal larger from the number of whistles she can hear blowing the dinner hour. She is the mother of a large family of children, who, with

active, progressive farmers.

A Louisiana Plantation. In 1871 and '72, on the Grevenberg the Starke plow, in each row. The plantation, bayou Teche, parish of St. rows were alternately three and six Mary, there was a colony of Creoles feet apart-that is, there, were six feet | working on the share system-twelve between two rows, then three feet, families, 100 persons, about twentyfive werking hands, not a negro working in the colony, in house or field. the common Gourd variety of the They cultivated about 500 acres of Southers white dent corn, but it was land, twenty acres to the hand, and

Ex-Gevernor William Holden, of North Carolina, was stricken with paralycis at a late hour Saturday night, and his condition is extremely critical. walk much this winter. Four years death is now expected at any hour. of the leading public men in the State. He was editor of the Standard and afterward was appointed provisional governor by President Johnson, and in 1868 was elected governor. In 1870 he was impeached for high crimes and was convicted and lost his citizenship. His age is about seventy-five.

An Adieu After the Banquet. A good story was told at the expense of Congressman Asabel P. Fitch, of

New York. Not long ago he received an invitation to dine with the Hon. Herman Stump, of Maryland, at his residence in Baltimore. The table was spread "Go down carefully, Mr. Fitch:

six inches of rain fell four days later, one. The other isn't there," Encounter With Brigands.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Merch 13 .- A ter-Randolph as a result of a quarrel at the about level. There was more rain rific encounter between Turkish troops Southers Society, a short time ago, was June 4 and 5, and, on the 8th three and 2 band of Brigands has taken place expelled last night from the society, after an investigation of the charges after an investigation of the charges